

## Heatwave by CasaByers

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**Genre:** F/M, First Time, Fluff, Friends to Lovers, Heatwave, Hot, OTP: Sexy Fluff, Sexy Fluff, Tickling, playing in water, sexy times (we still use that?), they ogle each other a lot, tickling is a form of foreplay

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**Summary:**

The heatwave hitting Hawkins isn't the only getting Jonathan and Nancy heated.

# Heatwave

## Author's Note:

story is better than the summery...

It was the hottest day thus far that summer, with the temperature reaching at least 90 degrees with a high humidity.

Hawkins seemed to slow down on days like this, no one wanting to do much or heading to the lake to cool off, which was where most of the town currently was.

But not Nancy Wheeler. No, she was walking up a gravel pathway, in shorts a button down that was tied up, looking more Daisy Duke than suburban girl, but she didn't care. It was hot, it was a Saturday and she had to meet someone today to go over a project for school. She didn't care how hot it was.

Nancy knew the Byer's home would be just as hot, but they always had iced tea and lemonade.

Nancy was anticipating this when she finally looked up, and she got even more overheated, if that was even possible.

Nancy didn't normally ogle, weren't too many people around she would really do that to. But even she had to lower her sunglasses and pause in her walking to take in the sight.

There near the house, was Jonathan Byers, he was using a sponge to wash his car, that wasn't what she was ogling, however. He'd decided to remove his shirt, so he was currently bent over the hood, reaching far across, with his jeans hanging a little low, his lean muscles flexing with every move.

His hair was damp from sweat, his skin a little red from the exertion and heat.

Nancy always knew he had broad shoulders, but she didn't even realize she liked guys backs that much until his was turned to her as he moved the sponge around.

There was some 70's rock song playing on the radio as he strutted around the car to the hose, he turned on the spigot and took the end of the hose he let the water pour over his face and he took a quick sip.

Nancy was suddenly the thirstiest she'd ever been in her whole life.

Jonathan nodded his head a bit to the music, then he glanced over, he was startled to see Nancy there. he shut off the hose and made his way down the drive towards her.

Nancy realized he was walking towards her, she put her sunglasses back on hoped he couldn't tell that she was admiring his torso.

Jonathan walked up to her, "hey, I thought you wouldn't come over, it being hot and all." Jonathan said, his voice had that lightness he had around her.

Nancy swallowed before she spoke, "well we have a project... besides, it's just a little heat." Nancy said, "isn't it a bit hot to be washing your car?" she asked.

Jonathan shrugged, "I was doing yard work and got some grass and pollen on the paint, figured I'd kill two birds with one stone." He said casually.

Nancy was suddenly sad she'd missed him doing yard work. She needed to get to it together.

"oh, need help?" Nancy asked, she suddenly didn't want to do homework.

Jonathan eyed her, squinting, "if you want to, I was going to rinse her off and then dry and then wax." He licked his dry lips.

Nancy started to walk up the drive, "sounds like a plan." She said.

Jonathan ended up turning the music up, he brought out a pitcher of lemonade and glasses.

Nancy had set her things down inside as he darted off to grab another drying towel for her to use.

Nancy stepped out on the porch and she thought about it, maybe it would prompt Jonathan to lose the jeans. She undid her top, shrugged it off, revealing her red with black polka dot bikini top. She hadn't planned on showing off her new bathing suit in the Byer's driveway, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

She undid her denim shorts and slid them down her legs. Not realizing that Jonathan had stepped out of the house in that moment, he just stood there with his mouth slightly agape, he'd dropped the towel and just watched her.

Nancy stepped out of her shorts and folded them before setting them on top of her shirt on the banister.

She glanced over her shoulder and spied Jonathan standing there. "hey, find a towel?" she asked.

Jonathan blinked, "yes... yes, here." He picked it up off the floor. He walked up to her, handed it to her. She took it, Jonathan tried his hardest not to stare at her exposed skin.

He'd seen her in a bathing suit before, but never this close and never alone.

Nancy smiled sweetly, "were going to change into swim trunks?" she asked.

Jonathan glanced down at himself, his gaze lingering on her belly button, then he looked up, "no I'm good." He shook his head. He didn't think it would be a good idea for him to be wearing his usual swim trunks around her. Jeans gave him better... protection.

Nancy pouted a bit, Jonathan hated when she did that because it meant she was slightly disappointed. But Jonathan wasn't going to be swayed. He only had one pair of swimming trunks and to be honest, he didn't know why they had to be so tight.

He walked past her, "let's get this soap off... I think its dried enough." He said, a little annoyed he let the soap linger on the car. But he had a very good excuse.

He turned on the hose and decided to soap up the car again.

Nancy walked over to him to grab a sponge from the bucket. “what do you want me to do first?” she asked, her eyes looked at his upper body muscles move as he wrung out the large sponge.

Jonathan looked at her, so many thoughts flew through his mind, “doors, wash the doors and the back, I’ll do the front half... save the tires for last.” He handed her a sponge and watched her bend over to dip it in the soapy water and then walk to the car.

She was petit, wasn’t like one of the girls Jonathan had spied in one of his dad’s old magazines.... She was better. she was perfect in his eyes.

He mentally shook his head and went to work, otherwise they would be out here all day. Between the rock radio station playing good songs, only the occasional ogling on each of their parts, and with both washing the car down, they got to rinsing it off quickly.

Jonathan started at the top and was washing the suds off. Nancy was standing next to him, she watched him, she wanted to do something to turn this into something a little more fun, she bit her bottom lip slightly, she got a glint in her eye and she snuck off to the soap bucket.

Jonathan saw the bright red leave the corner of his eye, but he kept his attention on the car.

“Jonathan... you missed a spot!” Nancy called out.

Jonathan furrowed his brow, he looked at the car, then he looked at her, “what are y-“ he was cut off when the soapy sponge hit him in the chest. He was startled and stumbled back a little bit.

Nancy’s giggle filled the air, Jonathan sputtered a bit, he looked at her, she was still laughing, pleased with herself.

Jonathan set his jaw, then he glared at her, Nancy stopped laughing, then he aimed the hose at her.

“no!” she shrieked and fled.

Jonathan kept the hose aimed at her, using his thumb on the end to

give it a hard spray, he was doing a good job at spraying her.

Now Jonathan was laughing and smiling, Nancy was still shrieking, but it was mixed with laughter.

But the hose could go so far and as they rounded the car, the hose got stuck under the back tire, Jonathan bent over to release it and suddenly he had Nancy on his back.

Jonathan dropped the hose and nearly fell over, but he caught himself, Nancy wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

Jonathan took a deep breath, hunched over a little bit, “Nancy...” a warning tone in his voice.

“nope... not until you promise not to spray me with water.” Nancy was giggling and said it into his ear.

Jonathan sighed, he placed his hands on her thighs which were around his waist, he didn’t mind her being on his back... quite the opposite.

“Nancy,” he said again, he didn’t want to give up, his hand squeezed her thigh, she let out a surprised giggle.

Jonathan stopped moving, “you’re ticklish.” A grin spread across his face.

Nancy looked startled, “oh no.”

Jonathan was going to use this against her, and he knew of the only place to do it, so he spun around, holding onto Nancy and he darted up the steps and charged into the house.

Nancy held on for dear life as to not fall off him, and then she realized he was bypassing the living room, and was going down the hall.

Next thing she knew, she was being thrown off him and onto his bed, she landed on her back.

And then Jonathan fell on top of her, his hands going to her sides and

squeezing her.

Nancy nearly screamed, laughed, tried to push his hands away.

“Jonathan, stop!” she shouted, but was still laughing.

Jonathan finally ceased, he was panting heavily, hovering over her.

Nancy didn’t realize that her hand was pressed to his chest, she was panting softly, her eyes met his.

Jonathan kept his eyes on hers, he was also very much aware that he was nestled between her thighs. She also wasn’t shoving him off...

Nancy bit her bottom lip, “your room is cool,” she whispered.

“it’s near the back of the house, sunlight never comes in through the window.” Jonathan said in a low voice.

Nancy mouthed *oh* and Jonathan had this very inappropriate image of her saying oh again and again.

She dragged her hand down his chest, watched as his eyes stayed locked on hers, he didn’t even blink, she tucked her forefinger into the front of his jeans and tugged him a little bit until he was pressed against her.

Their noses were almost touching, breath intermingling, Nancy licked her lips again and Jonathan groaned slightly

“will your car be okay?” she asked.

“yeah.” Jonathan’s lips met hers in a soft and simple kiss.

Nancy hummed against his lips, she swiped her tongue along his full bottom lip, he opened his mouth a little and she slipped in.

Nancy slid her hand lower, his skin was warm, past the elastic of his boxers. He was already half hard, soft, hot, her small hand was gently squeezing and stroking as best she could.

He groaned against her lips, his hips bucking just a bit. He pulled

away from the kiss and dropped his forehead to her shoulder where he seemed to be trying to control himself.

He was fully hard now and Nancy pulled her hand out, the noise he made to protest almost made her giggle. He lifted his head and met her eyes, they were dark and heavy.

He took a hand, slid it up her soft tummy, then slid it behind her back, where he found the ties for her top, he pulled one, keeping his eyes locked on hers.

Nancy reached up and pulled the top off and tossed it to the side. Jonathan looked down and groaned softly, he lowered his head and took one of her nipples between his lips.

Nancy's eyes got wide, she gasped. She ran her fingers through his hair.

Nancy reached down with other hand and undid the ties on either side of her bikini bottoms and she lifted her hips to pull it free, she felt nervous and excited because he was so close.

Jonathan knew he would be able to do this all day to her, he didn't care, she was moving slightly, making little noises, her skin was soft and sun-kissed.

He moved a hand down and was shocked to find her bottoms were gone, he let go of her nipple with a pop, he looked down, and he nearly came seeing her naked beneath him.

His eyes flashed to meet hers and she nodded silently. She reached down to free him of his jeans and Jonathan helped her get them off, not wanting to leave her body.

He was naked now, hard, Nancy was under him, wiggling, Jonathan rolled onto his back taking her with him, he wanted to see her... all of her.

Nancy was startled by the sudden movement, she sat up and found herself straddling Jonathan, this was new. He was looking up at her like she was the most gorgeous thing he'd ever seen.



That made her blush, she felt even more exposed than before. Her hand was on his chest, she felt his hardness pressed against her inner thigh.

Jonathan's hands were on her hips. He squeezed her, he hoped this was okay.

Nancy decided she kind of liked this, she rose, took him in her hand, she finally got a look at him, she almost couldn't wait, she pumped him a couple of times and then she held him steady as she lowered herself around him, her head tipped back, her mouth dropped open as she slowly and took him in, as he stretched her.

Jonathan was fighting the urge to thrust upward, she was so hot and tight, he'd never even imagined it could feel like this. But he kept his eyes locked on her, her head tilted to the side, the little breaths, how their bodies were slowly being joined.

When she was all the way in, she let herself adjust, and then she rose and slid back down. She let out a gasp when she did this. This felt right.

And soon her slow and steady movements were taking up speed, and Jonathan was meeting each movement with thrusts of his own. Her walls were so tight, she kept squeezing him and he wanted to make the most ridiculous noises in reply.

"Jon..." Nancy whimpered, she fell forward softly against his chest, he kept moving his hips, sliding in and out with little effort.

Nancy's lips were on his, sloppy, heated and needy. Her hands were in his hair and one of his hands was on her back. He kept his thrusts slow and precise, trying to keep her pace.

Nancy panted and she kissed his neck, "faster." She nearly begged.

Jonathan rolled them and still holding her close, he started to piston his hips a little faster. He had a goal, watch Nancy Wheeler come undone because of him.

"yes, there." her eyes were squeezed shut, she was panting. Jonathan wasn't sure he could hold on that long. He placed his elbows on

either side of her head, he planted a kiss to her lips, her ankles were locked around his hips.

“Nancy, look at me.” He panted softly.

Nancy opened her eyes and they locked with his, her hands moved up and over her head so she could find his hands, their finger interlocked above her head, eyes locked.

The pleasure was building and then her back arched off the mattress and Nancy’s walls started to squeeze him, Jonathan let a loud moan escape his lips, that took Nancy over the edge, she clamped down around him, he couldn’t move anymore as her orgasm crashed over her, loud gasps and his name leaving her lips.

Jonathan came seconds later, hips wanting to keep pumping, but he was buried deep and being milked for all he had by her walls.

Nancy whimpered softly, the orgasm leaving her weak and breathless, she opened her eyes, and met his, he was still panting. They were both drenched in sweat, hot and a mess, but neither wanted to move just yet.

“Nancy,” her name left his lips before he pressed a kiss to hers. Nancy kissed him back the frenzy of earlier giving way to leisurely, pleasurable kisses.

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Nancy was sitting on the front steps, she was wearing her shorts, and one of Jonathan’s flannels, the night air was cool and crisp and needed.

Jonathan stepped out onto the porch, an ice cream bar in each hand, “I knew we had some of these.” He said as he sat next to her. He had put his jeans back on and found a t-shirt.

Nancy looked very happy to see the ice cream, she took it from him

gently and took a careful bite. “Mmmm strawberry... yours?” she asked as she leaned over.

Jonathan was just watching her eat, he finally looked at his and used his lips to break a piece off, “chocolate.” He said around the ice cream in his mouth.

Nancy leaned over and kissed the corner of his mouth, he leaned into her more and tried to kiss her back.

“your poor car.” She laughed.

Jonathan shrugged, “we can wax it tomorrow.” He said as he leaned back a bit, placing his arm behind her on the step.

Nancy looked down at him, “we?” she asked, teasing him because he still wanted help with the car.

Jonathan smiled almost shyly, “yeah we... it’s always we.” He said. He knew it was a cheesy line.

Nancy’s reaction was to smile and then lean over and peck him on the lips. “okay.”

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Fin

